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by the fact that from the unfor- recognized leader.

The humane and successful ad- tunate inmates there has never come ministration of affairs at the Work- z complaint against their treatment. house by Superintendent William L. From the first his work has been house by Superintendent William L. marked by that firmness, loyalty and "With pleasure, Judge, but pardon bumane feeling that won for the me if I fail to understand the cause tion to his legion of friends. Never Superintendent the earnest and of your merriment. As the doctor before was the Workhouse better united support of the local trades says, it has been many years since conducted, a statement borne out unionists, among whom he was a have known a home;

ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

of green on many a breast, the House of Representatives. When my mind to make Paris my home.

And in their ear today there sounds the Knownothing mob undertook to For a wanderer like me it seemed A tilt of mingled joy and grief, of had done in Philadelphia and play houses. In fact, I like every-

Erin's valleys shine:

Irish poet sings, Irlah music rings.

dreams come true! We love thee none the less because

we love old Ireland, too; These sprigs of green we wear today no treason symbolize-

that pierce thy mountains' breast. We've thought for thee,

wrought fought for thee as well, helped to bear thy banner

We love thee as our peerless queen.
O gracious land and glad! lowly and so sad! -Dennis A. McCarthy.

IRISH COLOR.

Green is universally regarded, Irish color. But antiquarians say could see neither ocean nor sky. St. Canon French, a learned member of sounding bell, symbol of his preachthe Royal Irish Academy. He does ing of the divine truths, threw it not accept the explanation that the among them, and they immediately green flag was adopted by the Unit- flung themselves into the ocean, ed Irishmen at the close of the eigh teenth century by blending the orange and the blue, the latter being then regarded by some as the Irish flag. He asserts the emerald green ame the national color

BISHOP ENGLAND.

O'Connell, who used to say after the departure of the pairlot priest for America: "If I had Bishop England at my back I would not fear the whole world," Dr. England was thirty-four years old when he was chosen by Rome as being peculiarly fitted for the laborious missionary labors of the new see about to be established.

established.

The diocese of Charleston at that time embraced the two Carolinas and Georgia, and the Catholica were scattered far apart, were but a small minority, and in places were surrounded by the anti-Catholic elements as bitter and malevolent as the Knownothings of later years. Bishop England soon won the confidence and high regard not only of the Catholics but of all Intelligent and high-minded non-Catholics as well His learning, his eloquence and

invaluable service in concentrating was homesick just the same. America, America, O noblest land and public opinion against the practice confess that the incident that sent

For this is Erin's day of days, and as brave physically us well as in the matter of drinks. But you many a son of thine morally. A sturdy band of Irish don't have to drink absinthe unless First saw the light of earthly life in Catholics gathered to protect the you care to, and I thought I was at convent, and Bishop England came last satisfied to settle down. I felt and so the Irish color gleams, the on the ground and cooky inspected so thoroughly established that i bethe rifles in their hands to see "if gan to think of doing some work, And o'er the noises of the street the the ffints were properly adjusted." and actually did a little writing. This . C. H. Westen. W. L. Kenner. ly-two years of untiring and ener- was fully determined to stay right America, America, thou land of getic labor in his sacred work he here like an old hull on the beach, wank to rest on April 11, 1842

THE BELL OF ST. PATRICK.

They only show how memories we prison the shown in the National Museum in the Shown what loyally the and the shown what loyally the analysis are angle of the shown waves and storms of the head of this range arises a stately green, that 'round the shown we twine,

The depth and servor of the love we offer thee as thine.

To St. Fatrick's bell, new on exhibition in the National Museum in Duol'. is attached an interesting bit of Irish, islory. Far west of Connaught they is a range of tall mountains while the shown is a range of tall mountains while the shown waves and storms of the head of this range arises a stately town. It was just the time to carnivale, so to Rome 1 didn't enjoy myself.

The depth and servor of the love we offer thee as thine. To St. Patrick's bell, now on exhiadjoining districts of Aghagower and Westport The monutain was known to make mere all America, America, we've given thee in the pagen times as Eagle personal cievance and our toil.

We've believed to the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times as Eagle who was enjoying ships to be the pagen times times to be the pagen times times to be the pagen times times times to be the pagen times We've helped to rear thy rearing came a Christian country it has been marts and till thy teeming known as Croagh Patrick and Is honwe've spiked the gleaming bonds of Sinai of Irelaud. . a good window on the Corso n

We've digged the ore from out the guardian angel, made this mountain his hallowed place of retreat. In days on its summit in penance and for thee, we've fasting and other penitential exercises. His only shelter from the fury of the elements was a cave in a solid through the battle's blazing rock. The flagstone on which he is said to have rested his weary head at night is still to be seen. The demons making Ireland their battle-But ah, the dear old motherland, so ground mustered all their strength to tempt St. Patrick and turn him awan if possible from his pious per-They gathered around the hill, history says, in the forms of furious beasts of prey. So dense was their ranks that they seemed to cover eays the Westminster Gazette, as the the whole mountain, and St. Patrick that green as the national flag of Patrick besought God to scatter the Ireland is of comparatively modern demons, but for a time it seemed as origin. An authority to express an though his prayers and tears were inopinion on the subject is the Rev. vain. At length he rang the sweet

CATHOLICS WITH WASHINGTON.

When the Father of His Country flag. He asserts the emerald green was fighting the battles of the boys, I'll bet. They were in an standard was used in Ireland in the Revolutionary was he had as Secresixteenth century, but it was not till tary and Aide-de-camp Gen. Stephen up to look like darkeys. When they the eighteenth century that it be- Moylan, and after 1776 to the end got under my window I jumped up of the war Col. John Fitzgerald, and gave a rebel yell that shook the both of whom were Catholics. One Vatican. They looked up, laughed of Washington's surgeons was Dr. and kept on singing. I strained my O'Fallen; his devoted friend was ear as they went on down the Corso. It may not be untimely to make Capt, John Barry, and among his and when I caught the last scho reference to Catholic patriotism and personal guard were soldiers named hang it, gentlemen, there was a the beneficent influence of the church of the South as it was in September, McCarthy, Moriarity, O'Neill and fist. I sailed for New York the very 1820, when Bishop England was Reilly. A Catholic, Count Casimir pays week, and three weeks later I appointed to the new see of Charles ton. John England was born in Washington's cavalry, and another "Well, here's the boy. Everyton. John England was born in Cork, Ireland, September 23, 1786, and in his boyhood witnessed the fearful persecution and bloody insurrection of 1798. He was the friend and counter of Daniel Coloranal who wend to be ball of his country.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

First, cotton Second, paper. Third, leather. Fourth, fruit and flowers. Sixth, augur. Seventh, woglen. Eighth, India rubber, Ninth, willow. Tweifth, linen.
Thirteenth, lace
Fourteenth, ivory
Fifteenth, crystal
Twentieth, china.
Twenty-fiftth, silver
Thirtieth, pearl.
Fortieth, ruby.
Fiftieth, solden.

sining Abroad pels Change

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WAS AN INTERESTING INCIDENT

Colonel? When I saw you in Paris two years ago you told me that Paris was your home. You said that fit you like an old glove; that the boulevards were made for you, and that you never expetced to come over to this side of the pond again. How came you to change your mind?"

"I got homesick?" "Homesick? Homesick? Well, that's good. Like a schoolgirl, eh? What do you thing of that, gentlemen? The Colonel got homesick, He who hasn't had a home for thirty rears—who has been roaming the earth over since Lee surrendered. Touch the button, Colonel. The

keep the boy waiting. A little bourbon for me. Yes, enany years, genwide-pread attention. He rendered tlemen, many, many years. But of dueling, and was the first Catholic me back will probably appear trivial Today thine eyes behold a glimpse clergymen to be invited to preach in and absurd to you. I had made up a weird and witching strain, burn the Charleston convent, as they about the proper haven. I like its Boston, they found Bishop England thing about Paris-except its taste The hint was sufficient. After twen- went on for a year or more and I [until the timbers fell apart,

"At last, some way or other, however, I began to realize a strong feeling of unrest. I got nervous. began to worry about my liver. hition in the National Museum in consulted a doctor. He, the idiot, at

spiked the gleaming bonds of Sinai of Irelaud.

Steel that bind the East and West.

Religious history tells us that St.

Patrick. in obedience to his me sitting there all alone, biting a good window on the Corso near the plazza del Popolo. You can imagine me sitting there all alone, biting a guardian angel, made this mountain cigar and frowning down all the gay crowd in the Corso, Little girls imitation of Jesus he spent forty pointed me out and threw confetti at me and then, when I did not smile, said something about the evil eye and got away. The noise made my head ache. Some friends called ms from passing carriages and I almost forgot to return their salutation But all of a sudden my ears caught a whiff of an old melody. At first, I was not sure, thought the tune was just running through my mind, But someon was surely singing. Above all the noise I could catch the song and the tinking of banjos away down the Very faint, but coming

'Weep no ma', my lady, weep no mo' today.

For I'll sing one song ob de ole Kaintucky home, Ob de ole Kaintucky home so far

away. "Doctor, I don't know just what you would have made out of a study of my brain when I caught those words, but I do know that it darted electrically through every nerve in my body. The singers were coming my way-four good, American boys, Woodford county

body standing, please. Here's to The Old Kentucky Home."

JARVEY'S CHIVALRY

An old lady who was driving across Dublin the other day must have felt gratified to know that, in spite of strikes and suffrageties, 'chivalry" has not quite disappeared. She asked her "jarvey" to drive slower, as she was getting old and didn't like going so quickly.

"Begorra, ma'am, no matter what aga you are you don't look it!" was his kind and chivalrous answer.

"MAPE IN AMERICA."

"Really, don't yon know," said the Briton, "I cawn't see why you Yankees should lead us in commerce, We make everything in England that you make here."

"With one exception," replied the wise native. "There's one thing we make that seems impossible for you." "And what is that, pray?" "Hasts"



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